

## The KITCHEN CABINET

Time is money! Yes, and time costs money; it's rather an expensive article to some people.

### GOOD THINGS TO TRY.

Several years ago prune whip was a common dish well liked; here is a good recipe to revive:



**Prune Whip.**—Take three-quarters of a pound of prunes, stem, and when soft put through a colander. Add four tablespoons of sugar, the whites of four eggs well beaten and one-half cupful of nut meats. Add the prunes, then the nut meats, then the sugar, folding all carefully into the eggs. Flavor with vanilla or serve with whipped cream flavored to taste.

**Tapioa Pudding.**—Take one-fourth of a cupful of tapioca, cover with cold water and soak over night; drain well. Beat the yolks of two eggs with one-half cupful of sugar and one-fourth teaspoonful of salt; add this to tapioca and return all to the double boiler. Cook three minutes, stirring constantly. Remove from the fire and add the stiffly beaten whites; flavor to taste.

**Oatmeal Cookies.**—Take a scant cupful of lard and two cupfuls of sugar, cream together, add one cupful of sour milk, three eggs beaten, four cupfuls of oatmeal, one teaspoonful each of cinnamon, soda and salt, one cupful each of nuts and raisins, four cupfuls of flour. Mix the raisins with the flour. Drop from a teaspoon on baking sheets. Bake in a moderate oven.

**Maple Sponge.**—Boil two cupfuls of brown sugar and one-half cupful of not water to a syrup. Soak one-half package of gelatin in one and one-half cupfuls of cold water. Beat the whites of two eggs until stiff, add one cupful of pecan meats. Soak the gelatin while the sugar is boiling, then beat well. When the gelatin begins to stiffen, add the beaten whites of the eggs. Serve with whipped cream.

**Marshmallow Pudding.**—Take one tablespoonful of gelatin soaked in one-half cupful of cold water; add one-half cupful of hot water. Beat the whites of four eggs and into this beat dissolved gelatin a few drops at a time; add gradually one cupful of sugar. Drain a can of grated pineapple and beat into the mixture. Color one-half pink, the other any desired color. Mold in cake pans. Serve with whipped cream.

**Cherry Orives.**—Fill a can with perfect cherries, well washed and unstemmed. Fill the can with the best of vinegar and water, equal parts; add a teaspoonful of salt and seal. These will keep until used and are a most appetizing accompaniment to any toast.

Human life, modern human life, is complex. Grass maintains a cow, but the cow is not of a sprightly intelligence, neither is the sheep. A handful of dates feeds the Arab, a cucumber the Turkish porter, a strip of raw blubber the Eskimo; but the needs of civilization call for other facilities than are possessed by these—Helen Campbell.

### A SYMPOSIUM OF SALADS.

For a good salad which will take but a short time to prepare, try this new cabbage combination:

**Cabbage Salad.**—Shred a firm head of cabbage and let it stand in cold water until crisp, then drain well and toss on a towel to remove all water. Dice marshmallows, and pineapple; shred blanched almonds and add to any good salad dressing; add whipped cream and pour over the cabbage.

**Combination Salad.**—Take one envelope of gelatin, add one-half cupful of cold water, then pour the juice from a small can of pineapple heated over the softened gelatin, add the grated pineapple, juice of two lemons, one cupful of sugar, one medium-sized onion and two cucumbers put through the meat grinder; mix all together and mold. Serve on head lettuce with mayonnaise.

**Pineapple and Pear Salad.**—Lay a slice of pineapple on lettuce and half a pear on this with blanched almonds cut in quarters and stuck into the pear to simulate a pretty pear. Serve with this a good dressing mixed with cream. Sprinkle with yellow cheese, finely grated.

**Peach Salad.**—Lay one-half peach in a nest of head lettuce, hollow side up. Cut long thin strips of white celery and fasten the ends in the peach to look like a handle. Fill the peach with salad made of white grapes, cherries, nuts, marshmallows cut fine and a mayonnaise dressing on top. The fruit should be mixed with a thick, rich dressing.

**Another Pineapple Salad.**—Take one large can of pineapple, drain the juice. Beat two eggs, add three tablespoons of sugar and two tablespoons of cornstarch well mixed. Mix and stir into the heated juice. Put into a double boiler and cook until thick. Dice pineapple and stir into it before it is quite cold. Just before serving add a pint of cream whipped stiff, one-fourth of a pound of dried marshmallows and one cupful of nut meats. This is enough to serve 15 generously.

*Nellie Maxwell*

**Saw Son Made President.**—Mrs. Ellen Garfield was the first woman who ever saw her son inaugurated president of the United States. Washington's mother was living in Frederickburg, Va., when the father of his country was inaugurated, but she did not witness the ceremony, which took place in New York.

**Two Uses of Speech.**—Speech was given to the ordinary sort of men, whereby to communicate their mind; but to wise men whereby to conceal it.—Bishop South.

## LADY LARKSPUR

BY MEREDITH NICOLSON

CHAPTER V—Continued.

"His name is Dick Searies," I said. "And he's my most intimate friend." She professed indignation when I told of my eavesdropping in the woods, but when I explained that I knew all about the play and Searies' desperate search for her she was enormously pleased.

"How wonderful!" she exclaimed. "You know I told you, Constance, that if we really threw ourselves in the path of adventure mystery would come out to meet us in silken sandals."

"But you will not appear in this play?" asked Raynor anxiously. "It is the business of the government of the United States to see that you come out no further indiscretions. There is another matter which I hope you can clear up. You are not only a subject of concern to the British embassy, but the French ambassador also has appealed to us to assist him in a trifling matter."

"The French ambassador?" Alice exclaimed with a surprise I knew to be unfounded. "I thought the dear Montant was an Italian?"

"We will continue to call him Montant, but he's a Frenchman and one of the keenest men in the French secret service. You have caused him the deepest anguish."

"Please hurry on!" She bent forward with childish delight. "This is a part of the story we've been living that I really know nothing about. I hope it won't be disappointing!"

Raynor laughed and shook his head. "It's fortunate that Montant is a gentleman, anxious to shield and protect you. You have a fan in your hand."

She spread it out for inspection. "A harmless trinket, but without it the adventure would have been very tame."

"The story of the fan is in the most secret archives of Paris and Washington. When you were packing up in Tokyo to come home on the very last day before your departure a lady called on you whom you knew as Madame Volkoff."

"The dear woman!" exclaimed Mrs. Farnsworth. "We knew her very well."

"Almost too well," cried Raynor. "A cultivated woman and exceedingly clever, but a German spy. She had collected some most interesting data with reference to Japanese armament and defenses, but suspecting that she was being watched, she hit upon a most ingenious way of getting the information across the Pacific, expecting to communicate with German agents in America who could pick it up and pass it on to Berlin. You see, she thought you an easy mark. She got hold of a fan which Montant informs me is the exact counterpart of that one you hold. She reduced her data to the smallest possible compass, concealed it in her fan, and watched for a chance to exchange with you. The astute Montant found the Japanese artisan who had done the tinkering for her and surmised that you were to be made the unconscious bearer of the incriminating papers. Montant jumped for the steamer you were sailing on with every determination to get the fan. His professional pride was aroused, and it was only after he found it impossible to steal the fan that he asked our assistance. He's a good fellow, a gentleman in every sense, and with true French chivalry wanted to do the job without disturbing you in any way."

We pressed closer about Raynor as he took the fan, spread it open, and held it close against a table lamp. "The third, sixth and ninth," he counted. "You will notice that those three pieces of ivory are a trifle thicker and not as transparent as the others. Glancing at them casually in an ordinary light, you would never suspect that they had been hollowed out, an exceedingly delicate piece of work. It's a pity to spoil anything so pretty, but—"

He opened the top of one of the panels, disclosing a neatly folded piece of thin paper. "Antonia!" I said. "The arms of the prisoner in the toothhouse and bring him here."

"A man in the toothhouse!" Montant, Torrence and Raynor ejaculated in concert. "Oh, yes," murmured Alice, "that's the pleasantest chapter of all. Our grandfathers entered a whole invading army that made a night attack—one of the most remarkable engagements of the present war. Mr. Torrence."

"The battle of the Bell-Hops," I suggested. "The prisoner will be here in a moment."

While we waited Montant produced a photograph, instantly recognizable as a likeness of our prisoner. "My restoration is saved!" he exclaimed excitedly. "That he should have been caught here! It is too much! I shall never forgive myself for not warning you of the danger. But you understand, madames, that I was sincerely anxious to recover the fan without letting you know its importance. When I found at Seattle and Chicago that you were traveling under assumed names, I was—prayer, pardon me—deeply puzzled, the more so because I had satisfied myself in Tokyo that you were loyal Englishwomen, and I believed you to be innocent of complicity with Madame Volkoff. Why you should have changed your names, I should not know, but it's not my affair now."

"We saw you on the steamer and



"The Fan is Safe," Cried Raynor.

importance. I shall want the names of all the persons who assisted in the matter."

"It isn't quite clear to me," remarked Raynor, turning to me, "why you held that fellow and said nothing about it. If there had been a mistake, it would have been just a little embarrassing for you, Singleton."

"Chivalry!" Mrs. Farnsworth answered for me. "An anxious concern for the peace and dignity of two foolish women! I didn't know there was so much chivalry left in the world."

An hour was spent in explanations, and Raynor declared that I must write a full account of the Allied army in Connecticut and the capture of the spy. The state archives contained nothing that touched this episode for pliancy, he declared; and even the bewildered Torrence finally saw the joke of the thing and became quite human.

Raynor and Montant decided after a conference that the German agent should be taken to New York immediately, and I called Flynn to drive them down.

"It's most fortunate, sir, that you sent for him when you did!" announced Antoine, nearly bursting with importance. "The boys had heard queer sounds in the night, but could find nothing wrong. The prisoner had taken up the flooring at the back of the tooth-house, and was scooping up the dirt. He'd got a place pretty near big enough to let him through. I suppose we ought to have noticed it, sir."

It was just as Raynor and Montant were leaving the house with the prisoner that we heard a commotion in the direction of the gates. I had sent the word that no one was to be admitted to the grounds, but as I ran out the front door a machine was speeding madly toward the house. A dozen of the guards were yelling their protests at the invasion, and a spirit of the prelude the booming of Zimmerman's shotgun.

"Get your man into the car and beat it!" I shouted to Raynor, thinking an attempt was about to be made to rescue the prisoner.

The touring car left just as a Barton taxi flashed into the driveway. The driver was swearing loudly at one of the Tyringham veterans who had wedged himself into the door of the machine.

Searies jumped out (I had forgotten that he might arrive that night), but before I could greet him he swung round and assisted a lady to alight—a short, stout lady in a traveling cap, wrapped in a coat that fell to her knees. She began immediately to deliver orders in an authoritative tone as to the rescue of her belongings. Searies dived into the taxi and began dragging out a vast amount of small luggage, but my attention was diverted for a moment by Alice, who jumped down the steps and clasped her arms about the neck of the stout lady.

"Ant Alice!" I heard her saying. "Why didn't you tell us to meet you?" "Why didn't I tell you?" demanded the stout lady. "The moment you left me I knew I'd made a mistake in letting you come over here on one of your absurd larks! And from the row I had getting into the premises I judge that you're at your old tricks. Fired upon! Treated as though I were an outlaw! You shall never go out of my sight again!"

"Oh, please don't scold me!" Alice pleaded and turning to me. "This is Bob Singleton, your nephew."

Mrs. Bashford—and I made a question that Searies' companion was undoubtedly my uncle's widow—gave me her hand and smiled in a way that showed that she was not so greatly displeased with Alice as her words implied.

"Pay that driver for me and don't fail to tip him. Those Methuselahs at the gate all but killed him. It was only the vigorous determination of this gentleman, who very generously permitted me to share the only motor at the station, that I got through the gates alive! I beg your pardon, but what is your name?"

"Mrs. Bashford," I interposed, "my friend, Mr. Searies."

"Mr. Searies!" cried Alice, dropping a cage containing some weird Oriental bird which had been among my aunt's possessions. The bird squawked hideously.

"Miss Violet Dewing, permit me to present the author of 'Lady Larkspur'."

It was a week later that Alice and I sat on the stone wall watching the waves, at the point forever memorable as the scene of our first talk.

"Aunt Alice isn't playing fair," she said. "She pretends now that it was all my idea—coming over to play at being our uncle's widow, but she really encouraged me to do it so I could give her an impartial judgment of your character. I'm her only niece and her namesake, and she relies on me as a good deal. You know she's very, very rich, and she had never any idea of keeping your uncle's money. She meant all the while to give it to you—provided she found you were nice. And she thinks you are very nice."

"Your own opinion of me would be interesting," I suggested.

She had gathered a handful of pebbles and was flinging them fitfully at a bit of driftwood. I wished her like hadn't that little quiver that preluded laughter and that her eyes were not the haven of all the dreams in the world.

She landed a pebble on the target before replying.

"You are very nice, I think," she said with disconcerting detachment. "At first I was afraid you didn't like nonsense, but you really got through very well, considering the trouble I caused you. But I'm in trouble myself now. Papa will land tomorrow. He's the grandest, dearest man in all this world, but when he finds that I'm going to get cut up, Searies' play he will be terribly cut up. Of course it will not be for long. Even if it's a big success, I'm to be released in three months. Constance and Sir Cecil think I owe it to myself to appear in the piece; they're good enough to say nobody else can do it so well—which is a question. I'm going to give all the money I earn to the blind soldiers."

(I wished the tears in her eyes didn't make them more lovely still.)

"Being what you are and all you are, it would be brutal for me to add to the number of things you have to tell your father. I'm a very obscure person, and he is a gentleman of title and otherwise distinguished. You are the Honorable Miss—"

"Papa has said numbers of times," she began softly, looking far out across the blue Sound—"he has said, oh, very often, that he'll never stop troubling about me until—until I'm happily married."

"When you came here you wore a wedding ring," I remarked casually.

"It was only a 'property' ring, to help deceive you. I bought it in Chicago. When Aunt Alice came I threw it away."

"The finger seems lonesome without it," I said. "If I get you another, I hope you'll take better care of it."

"If you should put it there," she replied, looking fixedly at the hand, "that would be very, very different."

(THE END.)

### SHOES IN SONG AND STORY

Humble Foot Coverings Have Figured Largely in the Traditions of Various Nations.

Shoes have their tradition of song and story, writes Wainwright Evans in National's Business. We all know Cinderella, but few have heard of Rhodope, the Egyptian maiden who had the most beautiful foot to be found along the Nile. One day when she was at her bath a discriminating eagle flew down and carried off her sandal, which he dropped by way of a suggestion at the feet of the king. Of course the king put his herald right on the job, took a band in the search himself, found his Cinderella, and made her queen of Egypt.

Our boys in France must have seen the many shrines and memorials around Salons dedicated to St. Crispin, patron saint of shoemakers. The story goes that St. Crispin and his brother, Crispianus, were Romans who, about the year 303 were converted to Christianity. Together they went north into France, spreading the gospel. They supported themselves by making shoes, which they sold to the natives at a very low price. Presumably they understood all competitors. At any rate, possibly with the encouragement and commendation of the local chamber of commerce, they were finally put out of the way by the ungrateful proletariat.

**Sansere Supplication.**—At the birth of a child in Siam, a cord that has been blessed by the priests is tied around the outside of the house and three balls of rice are thrown in "lucky directions" by three old women, who are always present at such a time and whose business it is to solicit for the little one the patronage and protection of sundry guardian angels.

**Mother's Expressive Eyes.**—Ella started to lift the baby from its crib, but caught her mother's eye and desisted. Afterward, she was overheard telling her playmate that she knew when her mother didn't want her to do anything. "She doesn't have to tell me," Ella added. "She just looks at me, and I can see her think."

The compensation of railroad employees in the United States in 1914 was more than the gross earnings of the railroads ten years ago.

## TAFFETA SILK IN USE EVERYWHERE



TAFFETA silk is, by all odds, the most popular of the heavier weights in silk fabrics. Its only close rivals, in the high regard of women, being crepe de chine and georgette. It is used for many of their belongings and for those of their little daughters. For evening and afternoon dresses it is the pre-eminent favorite, and its gentle rustle this summer is going to last as long as that of the leaves does.

All the designers need do to make salable frocks of taffeta is to follow the mode and introduce a little originality in the details of finishing decoration. Two very excellent examples, that are up to date and original, portray an afternoon frock that is made entirely of taffeta and are having a decoration of white yarn.

Navy blue in taffeta, with decoration of white yarn makes an ideal dress for midsummer, and it is this combination that is shown in one of the afternoon frocks patterned. White taffeta faces the upper part of the long tunic and forms the cuffs. Blue and beige or blue and tan make combinations as pleasing, and are very fashionable this season. In this dress the tunic is set on to a narrow yoke, which extends above the waist and fastens to the bodice. Two large buttons that repeat the colors used, call attention to this feature. The tunic is laid in three deep plaits at each side, giving a widened hip line and revealing its facing. Three-quarter length sleeves and a Chinese collar are items worth noting in the design.

Navy blue, black, or any of the favored colors in silk will look well in a dress like the ruffled-trimmed model pictured. It has three corded shirings at the waistline where bodice and skirt are joined, and a corded tuck defines the hip line. Elbow sleeves and a rolled collar high at the back add two very important style details to the design. The narrow frills on the skirt have pleated edges, and there is a charming lace vest in the bodice. It is the only detail of this dress that is not made of the silk; even the smart bow at the waist is fashioned of it.

### Negligees of American Design



WHEN negligees come up for discussion, the temptation is to pick out these varied and fanciful models that reflect the costumes of other lands. But there are others of American design that are really better liked by our own people and that merit the preference shown them. They are graceful, dignified, more or less simple garments, often developed in beautiful fabrics. They reveal an appreciation of what can be done with lovely colors when designers are not restricted in using them. It is in the realm of negligees that they can give fancy free play and be more daring than even evening dress will warrant and a little journey into the shops convinces one that designers make the most of this privilege.

Speaking of dignity in this apparel, some of the new negligees have acquired so much of it that they might be easily mistaken for evening dresses. Those made of light-colored broadened silks and satins, like the handsome example pictured, leave one in doubt at first glance as to whether they were intended to blush unseen by any eyes, or to be placed on parade. There are just some little touches about it, like its simple decoration of silk-covered cord finished with silk-covered balls, that relegate its usefulness to the hours spent at home. But the fascinating turians and caps that are worn with these negligees lend them the unmistakable flavor of boudoir dress.

The negligee pictured is a model that slips over the head and has a round neck split a little way down the front. Its edges are finished with silk-covered cord and silk-covered cord laces it at the front and hangs from the shoulders. The side seams are left open at the bottom and the material rounded off and bound with the covered cord.

**The Transparent Hat.**—The type of hat said to be having the greatest sale for summer is the one made of transparent material. This may be hair braid, malines, organdie, georgette or lace. So heavy, in fact, is the call for transparent hats that it is difficult to secure hair braid in sufficient quantity to supply the abnormal demand.

**Short Vamped Shoes.**—Short vamped shoes are having a decided vogue—the popular models conforming to the limited toe, but the models put out by the exclusive shops have a more rounded, median toe that is far more graceful to the foot.

**Ironing Day Tip.**—When ironing, the hand often becomes sore from the heat and an unsuitable iron holder. If this is covered with a piece of old, soft silk, the hand will be found to keep soft and cool and free from the hot, sore feeling one so often experiences after ironing day.

**Skirts of Horseblanketing.**—Skirts of horse blanketing, although not quite as astonishing as hats of wood, are nevertheless out of the ordinary. The dressmaker who conceived the idea of making country clothes of this cloth has imported some English skirts which she is copying for her customers in lightweight blanketing—the kind that is used on horses when exercising them—that has a huge background and is marked off into pleats by narrow lines of brown, green or red.

**Length of Skirt.**—The length of the skirt depends upon the style of the gown.

## Highway Improvement

### ROADS STAND TRUCK TRAVEL

Comprehensive Experiments and Tests Now Being Made by Bureau of Public Roads.

State highway departments are vitally interested in the successful outcome of comprehensive experiments and tests now being made by the bureau of public roads of the United States department of agriculture. One state engineer recently declared that millions of dollars in state are involved in the proper design of road surfaces, which make up one of the problems being investigated by the federal engineers.

The coming into general use of the heavy motor truck has practically revolutionized the science of road building. Big new problems came when loads weighing 10 to 15 tons took the place of vehicles that placed a weight of one-fourth as much or less. The roads built ten years ago were constructed before this fact could be realized.

One of the testing experiments being made by the federal bureau involves the use of a B-section roadway in the Arlington farm, owned by the department of agriculture. Each section was built from a different type of material, or with a different method of construction. The same use is given to each section, so that eventually the type of construction best suited to heavy traffic will prove itself.



Constructing Road Sections for Impact Tests.

Shade is Great Help in Keeping Pavement in Prime Condition—Beauty is Added.

Shade is a newly discovered benefit in tree planting by the roadside. It has been learned of late that the shade or partial shade of roadside trees is a great aid in keeping the pavement in prime condition. The authorities tell us that during the hot days of summer improved roadways are injured by the direct rays of the sun and that the partial shade of trees planted by the roadside enables the cement or other pavements to stand much longer unimpaired. Roadside trees will far more than pay for themselves by assisting in preserving good roads. Then there is the beauty of shade trees, and if fruit trees are planted think of the abundance of peach, plum, pear, cherry, apple and other fruit trees growing by the roadside which in the aggregate would amount to millions of dollars if generally planted through the fruit growing sections of the United States.

### TREE PLANTING BY ROADSIDE

Shade is Great Help in Keeping Pavement in Prime Condition—Beauty is Added.

Shade is a newly discovered benefit in tree planting by the roadside. It has been learned of late that the shade or partial shade of roadside trees is a great aid in keeping the pavement in prime condition. The authorities tell us that during the hot days of summer improved roadways are injured by the direct rays of the sun and that the partial shade of trees planted by the roadside enables the cement or other pavements to stand much longer unimpaired. Roadside trees will far more than pay for themselves by assisting in preserving good roads. Then there is the beauty of shade trees, and if fruit trees are planted think of the abundance of peach, plum, pear, cherry, apple and other fruit trees growing by the roadside which in the aggregate would amount to millions of dollars if generally planted through the fruit growing sections of the United States.

### URGE CHANGE IN ROAD RULES

British Columbia Favours Alteration to Encourage Motorists From Other Sections.

Changes in the highway regulations now in force in British Columbia are being urged by local automobile and trade associations as a means of inducing motorists from other parts of Canada, and from the United States, to travel in the province. The present rules, which differ considerably from those followed elsewhere on the continent, are declared to deter tourists from including the region in their itineraries. Legislation intended to remedy this condition is being considered by provincial government officials.

### INCONSISTENCY IN FARMING

Roadside Often Neglected by Farmer Who Is Provided With Most Modern Equipment.

Often a farm is well provided with the best of equipment, good fences, fine premises and well painted buildings, yet the roadside is wholly neglected. Such inconsistency is like putting a dry collar on a clean shirt.

### DEPENDENT ON GOOD ROADS

Many Farm Crops Must Be Hauled Some Distance to Railroad Stations and Markets.

Farming is essentially dependent on the condition of country roads; for whatever is not produced on the farm must be hauled to the farm, and many crops of the farm must be hauled away to the railroad stations and local markets.

### GOOD HIGHWAYS LOWER COST

Mud-Tax and Hill Climbing Tolls Are Estimated to Amount to 18 Cents a Mile.

Good roads reduce the cost of transportation. To haul a ton over good roads costs 7 cents a mile; over ordinary country roads 25 cents a mile. Mud-tax and hill-climbing tolls, therefore, set the farmer back 18 cents a mile.